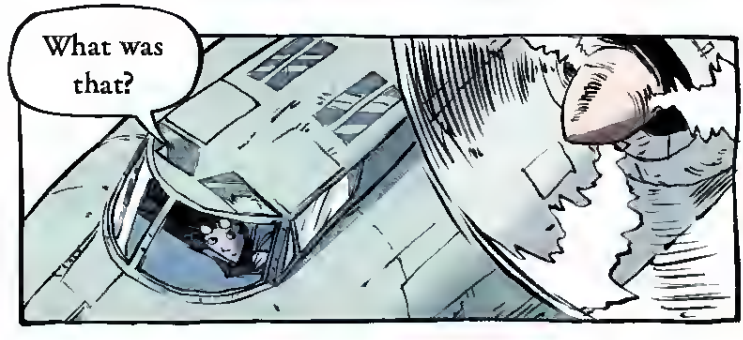
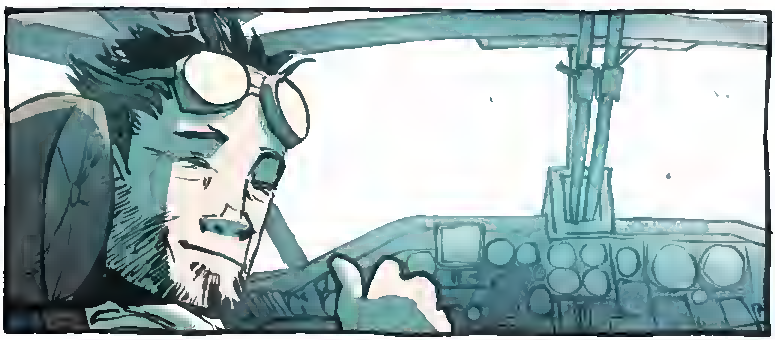
What the--?

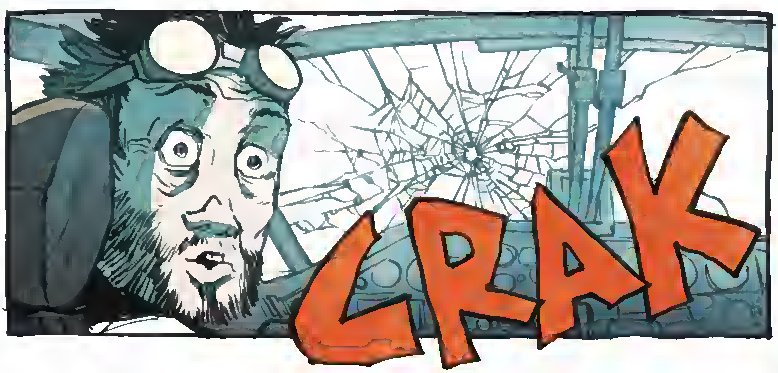

What was that?

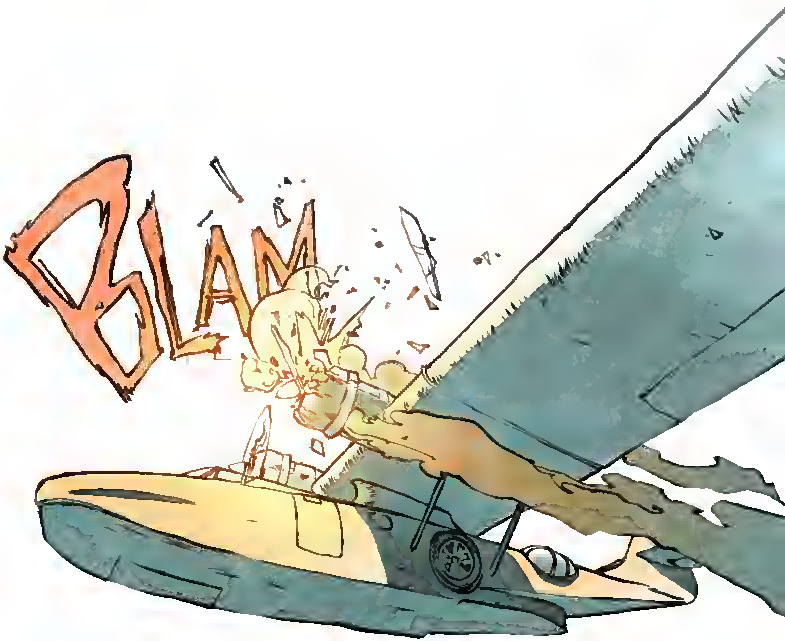
He put on a brave face. "We're experiencing minor turbulence, but not to worry, you are in good hands with John Air!"

He reached back and tightened her straps. He hoped she didn't notice the sweat on his hands.



"Well then it's a good thing we're living in the clouds right now." he smiled.

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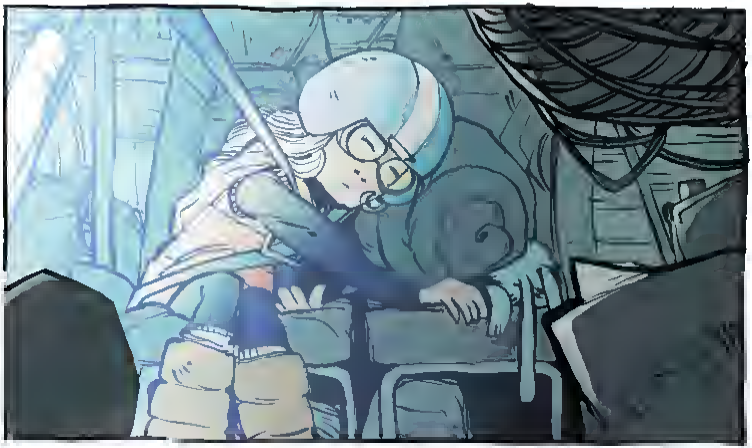
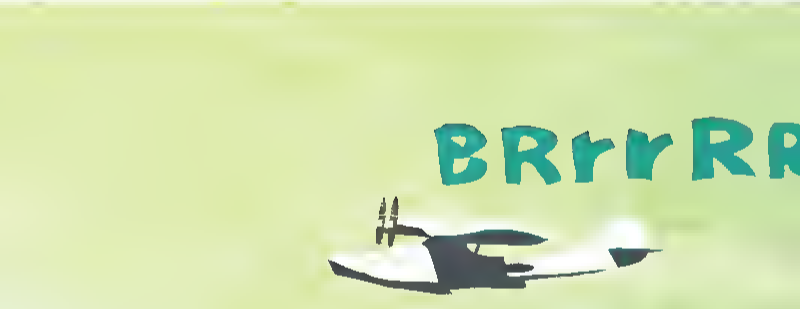


...no matter how much
you try to distract yourself.

...yet still carrying the small sadness that they both hoped to leave behind.



"What was that noise, Dad?" Vonna yawned from the back seat.

John didn't want to tell her what he'd just seen in the sky above them. He wasn't sure he even understood what it was. A sense of dread poured into him.

That's the thing with emotions -- they can be suppressed but never truly forgotten.

Always traveling with you...

by
Jason Brubaker

On they flew. Crossing magnificent forests and spectacular mountain ranges.

Moving away from a place that meant so much to them both. . .